

(Commencement Address)
June, 1976

Living in More than One Dimension

~~A real commencement address should begin with~~ ^{I'd like to}
a ~~raising~~ ^{good} slogan to lift you up out of your seats and set
you marching off into the future, ~~a slogan to fire the mind~~
~~and the heart.~~ But I couldn't find one. I almost thought
~~I had one.~~ ^{almost. Almost I heard it on the radio.} "Be alert", ~~-- it was on~~ ^{I heard it It started off well,}
~~the radio but then it let me down.~~ ~~It was one of Paul~~
Harvey's "bumper-snickers": "Be alert! What this country
needs is more lerts!" And that isn't quite what I wanted
to say.

I think I'll settle for something from Dickens,
^{because I want to talk about living in more than one dimension.}
instead, [^] You remember how he begins "The Tale of Two
Cities":

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,
it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,
it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness,
it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."

^{Always the 2 dimensions. ~~Among the reasons I like that is because it ~~only~~ by-passes~~}
~~I don't want to get drawn into the never-ending~~

argument as to whether the world is getting better or getting
^{if its getting better, I'm supposed to fire you up to build a heaven on earth; if worse, I'm to steel you to so and not keep it from going to the dogs}
worse. ~~Did you see what Marlon Brando said of its ~~the state~~~~ ^{getting worse.}

~~day.~~ ^{paradise} There, Lounging around ~~in~~ his private ^{island} in Tahiti
~~in what most people would call a paradise on earth,~~ he said,

"The world is doomed and dying. The end is near, ~~if not at~~
~~hand~~", [he told Time Magazine (May 24, 1976)]. ^{for a while, And lately, you know,} [^] A good many of the world's top
^{thinkers seemed to}

~~scientists seemed to agree with him for a while,~~ particularly
^{which is} the ecologists. A few years ago the Club of Rome, [^] a distinguished
group of intellectuals and businessmen, issued its famous report on

Commencement Address
June, 1976

A real commencement address should begin with a rousing slogan to lift you up out of your seats and set you marching off into the future, a slogan to fire the mind and the heart. But I couldn't find one. I almost thought I had one. It started off so well. "Be alert",--it was on the radio--but then it let me down. It was one of Paul Harvey's "bumper-snickers". "Be alert! What this country needs is more lerts!" And that isn't quite what I wanted to say.

I think I'll settle for something from Dickens, instead. You remember how he begins "The Tale of Two Cities":

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,
it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,
it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness,
it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."

I don't want to get drawn into the never-ending argument as to whether the world is getting better or getting worse. Did you see what Marlon Brando said of it the other day. There, lounging around on his private island in Tahiti in what most people would call a paradise on earth, he said, "The world is doomed and dying. The end is near, if not at hand", he told Time Magazine (May 24, 1976). A good many scientists seemed to agree with him for a while, particularly the ecologists. A few years ago the Club of Rome, a distinguished group of intellectuals and businessmen, issued its famous

prophecy of world catastrophe just around the corner. It was called "The Limits to Growth", and suddenly everyone was struck with instant fear of what the population explosion was going to do to the world. They compared the world to a lily pond where the number of lilies keeps doubling from one period to the next. It's beautiful for a while. Two lilies are more beautiful than one, eight than four -- and a mass of 32 or 64 or even 128 are breathtakingly lovely in full bloom. But then the pond begins to fill up. And when they double the last time, the lilies simply are so packed together ~~xxxxxx~~ so tightly they simply smother each other to death. "The end is near", said the Club of Rome, sounding like Marlon Brando. Now I do not want to minimize the seriousness of the world's situation. The threat is still real enough to make me shiver. But just last month the Club of Rome issued a new report. "The end is not so near," is what they are saying now, and life looks a shade more hopeful. If men can only learn to manage themselves better, they suggest, and plan together for the future, there are "New Horizons (ahead) for Mankind", which was the title of their second report. The real question, it said, "is not whether to grow or not to grow..(but) how to grow" (N.Y. Times, Apr. 14, 1976).

Some scientists are even beginning to get so optimistic about the future they sound almost like Pollyannas. Herman Kahn, the futurist of the Hudson Institute, predicts a virtual heaven on earth. World population will stabilize at 15 billion (it's four billion now, and I'm not sure that that

Pollution will be conquered, or at least controlled. The energy problem will be solved. Everybody will be rich. Per capita production will be \$20,000 a year, world-wide. The only catch is that we will have to wait another 200 year's for Kahn's millennium. His vision is of the year 2176. And though the population will be stabilized, it will be 15 billion, four times as many as we have now--and I already feel crowded.

I wonder if Dickens wasn't right after all. It's always "the best of times and the worst of times.. the season of Light and the Season of darkness, the spring of hope and the winter of discontent". In other words, don't expect your future, anymore than your present to go all one way. It's going to be a mixture, just as it is now--the best of world and the worst. A world where we can shoot men to the moon, or just shoot them. Where Arnie Palmer can flash around the world in 59 hours (it took Magellan's men three years), but where it takes me longer to get to South Gate now than it did 20 years ago when I first came back to Seoul. It's a world that sells porno and the Bible from the same book counter.

Now what your education is all about is to prepare you to deal with just that kind of a ~~world~~ mixed-up world, so promisingly full of the best, and so blastedly potted and pin-pricked with the very worst.

But you at Seoul Foreign School have one tremendous advantage over most of this year's graduates. You already know what it's like to live in a two-culture world. Not the mixture of good and bad I've been talking about. Everybody

I was no longer trying to prove anything. I already had it. I was an American--that's just the way I happened to be born, but I liked it and was proud of it. I was also proud to be in a little way Korean. This is where I was born, one of the most beautiful little countries in the whole world. And I no longer felt sorry for myself about that. Oh, there was some culture shock, naturally. I was excited by America, but felt a little strange and a little homesick for Korea. My clothes weren't quite right. I didn't know the latest slang. I was far more out of touch with what American students were thinking and doing than you will ever be -- we didn't have American radio and Satellite TV then. But one thing did not happen. I never again was ashamed for having in me a little of both East and West. I no longer thought of it as a disadvantage. In fact, I began to think it put me a little ahead. And I believe it did. I was richer, not poorer, for being a part of two worlds, not just one.

Now all of you at SFS have that same advantage. American, German, Korean, Chinese, it makes no difference. Here the two worlds, East and West, meet, and you have become a part of both. I hope you will put the two together in your lives. Don't set them against each other, or you'll split yourself right down the middle. Put the one and the other together and get two; don't try to subtract one from the other and end up with zero.

How much richer life has been in our time for having some people in the world who can bring two cultures together in this unique way; who can be bridges, not separators and dividers. [Underwoods and Cranes who interpret for presidents;

McCunes and Reischauers and Lin Yu-Tangs--ambassadors, college presidents, philosophers in two worlds; Tony Hans at the piano, and Cho Cha-Yong's in architecture; The Chung sisters in classical music, not to mention the Kim sisters with another kind. They all move in two worlds, and both worlds are the better for them. I think particularly today of Joan Davidson, Mrs. Underwood. How mixed up she might have been. Born English, raised in Korea, and she went and married an American. But how beautifully she brought it all together. The little Korean-English dictionary, a bridge from East to West. Her literature courses, a bridge from West to East. And for some of you she threw in Latin, a bridge in still a third direction, from the present to the past. She was richer by every culture she touched. And so are you.

But I have over-simplified it all a little. This living in more than one culture, and being enriched thereby rather than torn apart, is not just a matter of uncritically putting one on top of the other. With different cultures, different worlds you can't automatically add one to one and get two. Watch out for the pluses and minuses.

Indiscriminate mixing can give you a world as badly scrambled as the traffic rules the Japanese police suddenly came up with for foreigners here in Korea when the automobile first disturbed the ancient beauty of the East:

"At the rise of the hand of policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by, or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstructs your passage, tootle him with vigour and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi, hi'

"Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him... Avoid entanglement of the dog with your wheel spokes.

Go soothingly on the grease mud. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corners to save the collapse and the tie-up."

You just can't bring two cultures so uncritically together without just that kind of a "collapse and tie-up". What you too often end up with is not the best but the worst of both--a Congressional sex scandal and the drug underworld from the West, perhaps, and a false Messiah like the immensely wealthy Rev. Mr. Moon from the East. East and West, white and brown are both beautiful, but they are certainly not perfect, either one. And that adds a critical third dimension to the picture. Not geographical and cultural, East and West, but what Dickens was talking about--the best and the worst, Light and Darkness.

Living in the real world is a little like having to play three-dimensional chess. If you think you've got straight chess mastered (if you can handle the clash of cultures, Western and oriental, now) now you have to add another board. You know in three-dimensional chess they play with several layers of glass chess boards, one above the other so you can see through. And you move not just forward and back, left and right, but down through, diagonally, up and down. What makes the decisions of life really complicated is not just the mixture of of East and West in you and your world, but the deeper dimensions of good and evil, true and false. And that's where life either comes together or falls apart.

What I want for you most ^{of} all as you leave this school

is a guide you can trust in all the dimensions of life. I know a good one, the best. He's Eastern. He was born in Asia. And yet He is so Western that most people mistakenly think of His way as a Western way. He himself didn't call ~~his way~~^{it} either Eastern or Western. He simply said, "I am the Way." "The way, and the truth and the life". ~~But~~ I can only recommend him. You ^{will} have to make your own contact, ⁱⁿ That's the only way he works.

But I can promise you from personal experience in East and West, in right and wrong, that ^{if you have Him with you in what will always be} ~~when you have~~ ^{always have to live,} ~~to live, as you always will,~~ in both "the best of times and the worst of times" ~~if you have Him with you~~ you can sometimes make the worst a little better and you can always move towards the best. ^{when He's with you in} ~~if you are perplexed by~~ this "age of wisdom and age of foolishness", He ^{will} help you ^{know} the difference. In ^{the} ~~this~~ "season of Light and ~~the~~ season of Darkness", you ^{will find Him} ~~can live~~ in the light. And your "spring of hope" may have its ^{rainy days, but} ~~autumnal seasons, but if He~~ ~~is there,~~ it need never, never become "the winter of your despair". Get your roots into that deeper dimension ^{with Him - deeper} ~~than~~ ^{beyond both} ~~either~~ East or West, - and there is always hope.

Compucenter, SFS
June 5, 1976

LIVING IN MORE THAN ONE DIMENSION

I'd like to begin with a good slogan to lift you up out of your seats and set you marching off into the future. But I couldn't find one. I thought I had one. I heard it on the radio. "Be alert!" It started off well, but it turned out to be one of Paul Harvey's "bumper-snickers": "Be alert! What this country needs is more alerts." And that isn't quite what I wanted to say.

I think I'll settle for something from Dickens instead, because I want to talk about living in more than one dimension. You remember how he begins "The Tale of Two Cities":

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
It was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,
It was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,
It was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness,
It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair."
Always the two dimensions.

Always the two dimensions. It by-passes the never-ending argument as to whether the world is getting better or getting worse. If it's getting better, I'm supposed to fire you up to build a heaven on earth; if worse, I'm supposed to send you out to keep it from going to the dogs so fast. And I'm not sure which to do.

Marlon Brando says it's getting worse. Loafing around his private paradise in Tahiti, he said, "The world is doomed and dying. The end is near." And lately, you know, a good many sober thinkers have agreed with him, particularly the ecologists. A few years ago the Club of Rome, which is a distinguished group of intellectuals and businessmen, issued it

Report, that ~~prophecy~~ of world catastrophe just around the corner, ~~it~~ ~~was called~~ ("The Limits to Growth"), and suddenly everyone was struck with instant fear of ~~what~~ the population explosion ~~was going to do to the world~~. They ^{Report} compared the world to a lily pond where the number of lilies keeps doubling from one period to the next. It's ^{all right} ~~beautiful~~ for a while. Two lilies are more beautiful than one, eight than four -- and a mass of 32 or 64 or even 128 ^{as they keep doubling} are breathtakingly lovely ~~in full bloom~~. But then the pond begins to fill up. And when they double the last time, the lilies ~~simply~~ are ~~so~~ packed together ~~up~~ so tightly they simply smother each other to death. "The end is near", said the Club of Rome, sounding like Marlon Brando. Now I do not want to minimize the seriousness of the ~~world's~~ situation. The threat is ~~still~~ ^{Go to Bangladesh, if you don't think so.} real enough to make me shiver. [^] But just last month the Club of Rome issued a new report. "The end is not so near," is what they are saying now, ~~and~~ life looks a shade more hopeful. If men can only learn to manage themselves better, ~~they suggest~~, ^{if we can only} ~~and~~ plan together for the future, ~~they suggest~~, there are "New Horizons (ahead) for Mankind", ^{That} ~~which~~ was the title of their second report: ^{New Horizons for Mankind.} [^] The real question, it said, "is not whether to grow or not to grow..(but) how to grow" (N.Y. Times, Apr. 14, 1976).

Some scientists ~~are even~~ ^(further, I suppose) ~~beginning to get~~ so optimistic about the future they sound almost like Pollyannas. Dr. Herman Kahn, the futurist of the Hudson Institute, predicts a virtual heaven on earth. World population will stabilize. ~~at~~ ~~15 billion~~ (it's four billion now, and I'm not sure that that

Pollution will be conquered; ~~and at least controlled~~. The energy problem ~~will be~~ solved. Everybody will be rich.

Per capita production will be \$20,000 a year, world-wide.

⁵
That compared with 60 today in Egypt. \$470 here. It's going to be \$20,000 a year, says Kahn.

The only catch is that we will have to wait ~~another~~ 200 year's for ^{that} ~~Kahn's~~ millennium. ^{Kahn's} ~~his~~ vision is of the year

2176. And though ^{he says} the population will be stabilized, ~~it~~ ^{stabilization} will be ^{at} 15 billion, ^{which is} four times as many ^{people} as we have now--and I already feel crowded. That doesn't sound quite like heaven on earth.

~~at least a 2-dimensional~~ I wonder if Dickens wasn't right after all. ^{Life is never one-dimensional} It's ^{both}

always "the best of times and the worst of times.. the season of Light and the Season of darkness, the spring of hope and the winter of discontent". In other words, don't expect your future, anymore than your present to go all one way, ^{mentally}.

It's going to be a mixture, just as it is now--the best of worlds and the worst. ^{it's} A world where we can shoot men to the moon, or just shoot them. Where Arnie Palmer can flash around the ^{globe} ~~world~~ in 59 hours (^{a lot} ~~it took~~ ^{is better than} Magellan's ~~was~~ three years). But ~~where~~ it takes me longer to get to South Gate now than it did 20 years ago when I first came back to Seoul. It's a world that sells porno and the Bible from the same book counter. ~~It's~~ the best of worlds, and the worst.

Now what your education ^{has been} ~~is~~ all about is to prepare you to deal with just ~~this~~ kind of a ~~world~~ mixed-up world, so ~~precisely~~ full of the best, and so blastedly potted and pin-pricked with the very worst.

But you at Seoul Foreign School have one tremendous advantage over most of this year's graduates. You already know what it's like to live in a ^{very obviously} ~~two-culture~~ ^{dimensional} world. Not the mixture of good and bad I've been talking about. Everybody

had that. ~~xxxxthat~~ But you have been living, you've been brought up in an exhilarating, ~~and often~~ confusing ~~of~~ mixture of East and West. ~~East~~ ^{One} isn't good and ~~West isn't~~ ^{the other} bad, ~~or vice versa~~. Don't fall into that trap. ~~No,~~ They're just ^{Another ~~slightly~~ different dimension.} different. [^] And once you've learned how to live in this kind of a mixture, you will be better equipped all the rest of your life, for all the other mixtures you'll have to deal with, including the most important, the good and the bad.

Now it has its problems, growing up part Eastern, part Western. I was born in an old Korean house. It cost my father 20 cartloads of cash to build it. (They didn't have ~~any~~ money worth anything in those days, just copper cash.) ^{I was almost as much Korean for a while as I was American.} ~~I spoke Korean a lot better than I do now.~~

But then the family went on furlough, and at six years of age I was dumped into first grade in an American school. It was a shattering experience. Here in Korea I never got mixed up on the languages, but in that American school ~~in a while I could even catch~~ ^{would slip out once in a while.} a Korean phrase, [^] And

immediately: "You're not an American; you're a Korean."

It was an age when I was desperately trying to ^{I was ^{an} American; I wanted to ^{be} American.} belong, ~~somewhere~~

And I ended up trying so hard to be an American, that I turned anti-Korean. When I came back ^{to Korea} [^] from furlough I refused for a

long time to say a single word in Korean. ^{So} [^] I was an American; - and ~~that~~ a ^{might} ^{poor} [^] very [^] good one. A narrow, arrogant, little-minded, ^{one-dimensional}

Westerner. [^{I was doing, though} [^] What I didn't realize ^{it} [^] was that I was reacting ^{away} ~~away~~ from what I thought was bad about the east, to what I didn't ^{know} ~~realize~~ was even worse in the West.]

I'm glad that happened in first grade. I got over it. So when I went to college, after Pyeng Yang Foreign School,

I was no longer trying to prove anything. I already had it. I was an American--that's ~~just~~ the way I happened to be born, but I liked it and was proud of it. ^{By then, though,} I was also proud to be in a little way Korean. This is where I was born, ~~one of the most beautiful little countries in the whole world.~~ And I no longer felt sorry for myself about that. Oh, there was some culture shock, naturally. [I was excited by America, ^{and sometimes} ~~but felt a little stronger and a little~~ homesick for Korea.] My clothes weren't quite right. I didn't know the latest slang. I was far more out of touch with what American students were thinking and doing than you will ever be -- we didn't have American radio and Satellite TV then. But one thing did not happen. I never again was ashamed for having in me a little of both East and West. I no longer thought of it as a disadvantage. In fact, I began to think it put me a little ahead. And I believe it did. ~~did~~. I was richer, not poorer, for being a part of two worlds, not just one.

Now all of you at SFS have that same advantage.

American, German, Korean, Chinese, it makes no difference. ^{My roots were deeper in the West, some of you have your deeper roots in the East. But we've been mixed around, mixed up. It's not mixed up, - opened up.}

And here the two worlds, East and West, meet, and you have become a part of both. I hope you ^{are learning how to} ~~will~~ put the two together in your lives. Don't set them against each other, or you'll split yourself right down the middle. Put the one and the other together and get two; don't try to subtract one from the other and end up with zero.

How much richer life has been in our time for having some people in the world who can bring ^{the} two cultures together ~~in this unique way~~; who can be bridges, not separators and dividers. Underwoods and Cranes who interpret for presidents;

McCunes and Reischauers and Lin Yu-Tangs--^{who are}ambassadors, college presidents, philosophers in two worlds; Tony Hans at the piano, and Cho Cha-Yong's in architecture; The Chung sisters in classical music, not to mention the Kim sisters ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ another kind ^{of music}. They all move in two worlds, and both worlds are the better for them. I think particularly today of Joan Davidson, Mrs. Underwood. How mixed up she might have been. Born English, raised in Korea, ~~and~~ she went and married an American. But how beautifully she brought it all together. The little Korean-English dictionary, a bridge from East to West. Her literature courses, a bridge from West to East. And for some of you she threw in Latin, a bridge in still a third direction, from the present to the past. She was richer by every culture she touched. And so are you.

But I have over-simplified it all a little. This living in more than one culture, and being enriched thereby rather than torn apart, is not just a matter of uncritically putting one on top of the other. With different cultures, different worlds, you can't automatically add one to one and get two. Watch out for the pluses and ^{the} minuses.

Indiscriminate mixing can give you a world as badly scrambled as the traffic rules the Japanese police suddenly came up with for foreigners here in Korea when the automobile first disturbed the ancient beauty of the East:

"At the rise of the hand of policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by, or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi, hi'

"Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him... [Avoid entanglement of ~~the~~ dog with your wheel spokes.]

Go soothingly on the grease mud. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corners to save the collapse and the tie-up."

You ~~just~~ ^{simply} can't bring two cultures so uncritically together without just that kind of a "collapse and tie-up". What you too often end up with is not the best but the worst of ~~both~~ ^{the two}--a Congressional sex scandal and the drug underworld from the West, perhaps, and a false Messiah like the immensely wealthy Rev. Mr. Moon from the East. East and West, white and brown are both beautiful, but they are certainly not perfect, either one. And that adds a critical third dimension to the picture. Not geographical and cultural, East and West, but what Dickens was talking about--the best and the worst, Light and Darkness.

Living in the real world is a little like having to play three-dimensional chess. If you think you've got straight chess mastered (if you can handle the clash of cultures, Western and oriental, ~~now~~) now you have to add another board. You know in three-dimensional ~~board~~ chess they play with several layers of glass chess boards, one above the other so you can see through. And you move not just forward and back, left and right, but down through, diagonally, up and down, ^{will} What makes the decisions of life really complicated ^{for you} is not ~~just~~ the mixture of of East and West in you and your world, but the deeper dimensions of good and evil, true and false. And that's where life either comes together or falls apart.

What I want for you most ^{of} all as you leave this school

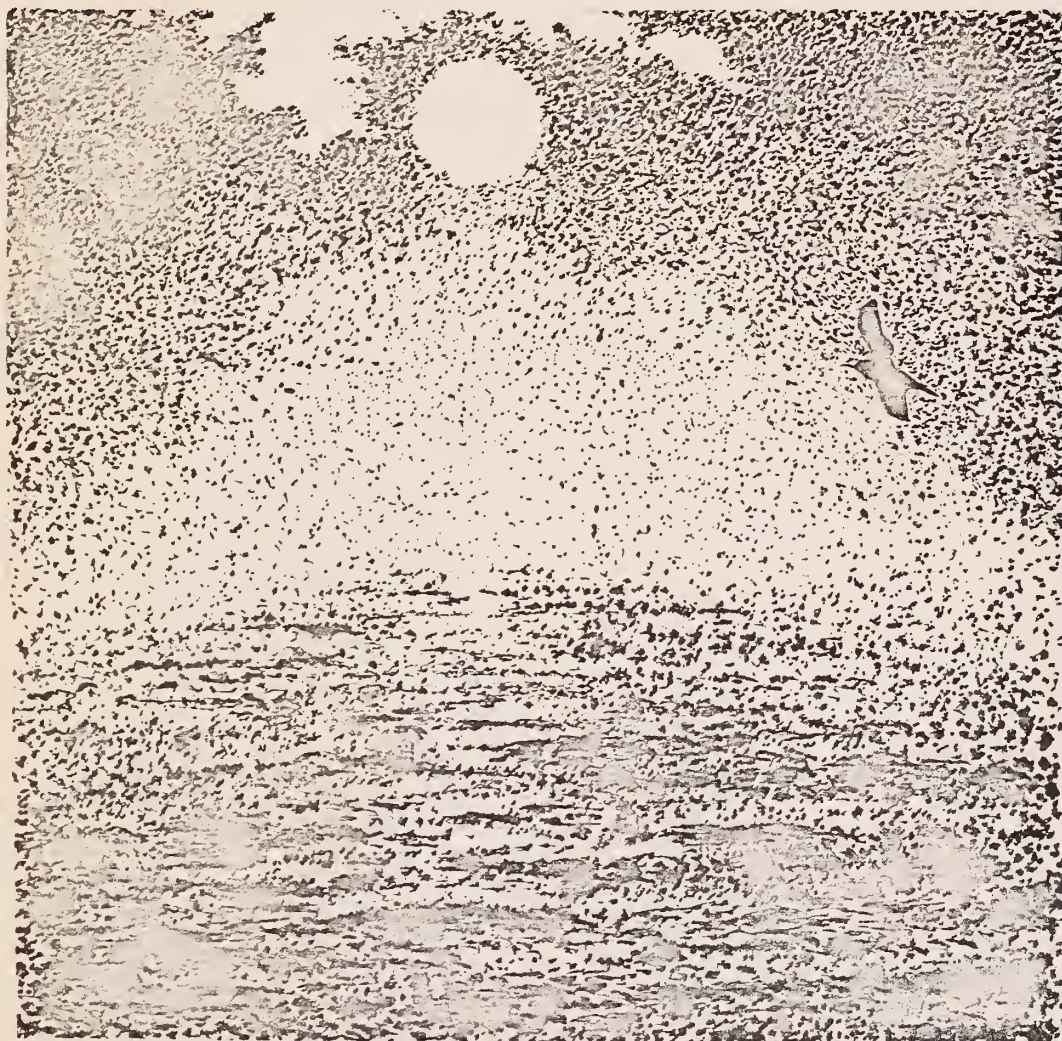
is a guide you can trust in all the dimensions of life. I know a good one, the best. He's Eastern. He was born in Asia. And yet He is so Western that most people mistakenly think of His way as a Western way. He himself didn't call it either Eastern or Western. He simply said, "I am the Way". "The way, and the truth, and the life."

All I can do is recommend him. You will have to make your own contact, for that's the only way He works.

But I can promise you from personal experience that if you have him with you, though it will always be both the "best of times and the worst of times", you can sometimes make the worst a little better, and besides you can always move toward the best. In this "age of wisdom and age of foolishness", He'll help you know the difference. There will be light, and there will be darkness. You'll find Him in the light. And your "spring of hope", which this surely is, need never, never become "the winter of your despair". Get your roots into that deeper dimension with Him, beyond both East and West,--and there will always be hope.



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
FOR THE
SEOUL FOREIGN SCHOOL
GRADUATING CLASS OF 1976



June 4, 1976
5 p.m.

Team Compound
Rain Alternate: SFS Auditorium

PROGRAM

Processional Band
Invocation Mr. Charles Debelak
Welcome Sr. Class President
Veronica L. Lin
Remarks Mr. Richard F. Underwood
Salutatorian Rebecca J. Dignan
Presentation of Awards Mr. Richard T. Eng
Valedictory Address Karen M. Buhlig
Introduction of Speaker ... Veronica L. Lin
Commencement Address Dr. Samuel Moffet
Presentation of Diplomas .. Mr. Richard T. Eng
Dr. Stanton Wilson
Benediction Mr. Charles Debelak
Recessional: Sr. Class Theme Song ... "Freebird"

Refreshments - Kindergarten Patio

GRADUATES OF '76

Brian	Lee	Basinger
David	Michael	Bradley
Karen	Marie	Buhlig
Vickie	Lynn	Chesshir
Linda	Arnette	Claassen
Robyn	Denise	Colston
Kerry	Kelly	Cook
Amy	Courtenay	Dauray
Rebecca	Joy	Dignan
Anna	Marie	Elkins
Sonya	Lynn	Entz
Jeffrey	Arsene	Hebert
Julia	Ann	Hunt
Robert	Arthur	Janson
Jay	Colby	Jantz
Won Jin		Ju
Fooran		Lee
Donald	Hee-Bang	Lee
Dalisay	Ann	Lentz
Grace	Eun-Kyung	Lho
Veronica	Laurie	Lin
Rhonda	Sue	Malone
Beth	Ellen	McFall
Marvin	Glenn	McGhee
Young Hye		Park
Laurie	Lee	Telshaw
Scott	Hsu	Wang

